

Dancing with Myself

Chapter 1: Well There's Nothing to Lose

The nothingness went on for an eternity until, quite suddenly, it didn't.

It was as though the world, all of it, were approaching from a great distance with its sounds and smells and sights all surging into being at the same time.

Harry groaned and fell to his knees. Something had changed, of that he was sure, though his mind was too disorganized to clue him in to what had changed, or even how he knew that something had. He put his hand to his forehead, but even that didn't feel quite right. It took a few seconds of staring, but he finally realized what it was. His left hand had somehow regrown the missing joint on the middle finger, something that it hadn't had in years. Not since he'd been clipped by a dark curse during his last stand against Voldemort.

Harry blinked and then examined the back of his hand, noting the odd lack of scars on it, as well. With all of the advances in magical medicine, the only thing that could leave a scar for any length of time was auric damage from a magical backlash or darker spell. That was one of the reasons the Cutting Curse wasn't considered dark magic. You could lop someone's hand off with it, but magical medicine could replace the hand if the person didn't die of blood loss. The patchwork of damage he'd become accustomed to was missing. Blinking, he raised his other hand and was almost relieved to note the faint tracery of "I will not tell lies" engraved upon it.

Something had happened, and he was only just starting to piece together what.

A sound caught his attention and he instinctively drew his wand from his wrist sheath. Almost as an afterthought, he drew his other wand, as well. The motion had been automatic, but it gave him pause as he looked at the brother wands, one holly, the other yew, both with feathers from the same phoenix as cores. Dueling with brother wands was an unknown practice, but Harry had always liked a challenge. As

it turned out, the effect could be quite devastating, though draining. Fortunately for Harry, he had power to spare.

If these changes were indications of some sort of trap, his would-be attacker had made a grave mistake in not disarming him. In the eight years since he'd left Hogwarts, Harry had no unanswered defeats to his dueling record. If he was beaten, he did not rest until he had returned the favor, though that had proven unnecessary for the last three years.

Moving with a quiet ease that spoke of more than just combat training, Harry inched toward the sound, not bothering to disillusion himself or draw out his father's invisibility cloak. If the source of the sound posed a threat, then it would not be fooled by such petty tricks. If it was... well, then Harry would rather face it in the open where he could move freely.

The sound soon resolved itself into a soft sobbing and Harry relaxed a little as he approached a clearing in the lightly forested area he was moving through. He recalled a few dark creatures which cried, but none of them were native to the type of temperate forest he was moving through. There, kneeling by a stream, was a young girl, barely in her teens from the look of her. Her long red hair hung down over her face in a concealing curtain as she wept uncontrollably.

Faced with the choice of approaching a crying girl and heading back the way he came, Harry froze for several moments as he considered. On one hand, he was no good with women, as evidenced by his short and disastrous dating career. On the other hand, this was the first person he'd run across, and he couldn't shake the feeling that that was significant in some way.

Sighing softly, Harry holstered one of his wands and held the other low, concealed by the edge of his robes so as not to startle her. "Excuse me, miss," he said, though it came out as something of a croak. He cleared his throat and pressed on. "Excuse me, but do you-" he started, but his voice came to a strangled stop as the girl raised her face. It was a face he knew all too well, having seen it in the photo album Hagrid provided him all of those years ago.

Almost as one, two voices spoke, one saying "mum" and the other "dad". Then, just as quickly as it started, the moment shattered. The girl staggered to her feet, frantically fumbling for her wand. Harry, reacting on instinct, summoned it to him, noting as it flew toward him that it was holly, just like his.

"Who are you?" the girl asked, her shoulders slumping. She sniffled another time and then straightened up, drawing her shoulders back and taking a long breath as though preparing to face her executioner.

"I could ask you the same thing... who are you and where am I?" he asked in a low, even voice. Thoughts were colliding in his still somewhat foggy brain with increasing frequency. The girl, for all that she looked like his mother, had brown eyes.

The girl blinked at him. "You honestly don't know?" When he didn't respond to that, she seemed to relax a little and said, "Harriet Lily Potter. And your name in return?"

"Harriet..." he managed as his eyes tracked upward to the jagged lightning bolt scar on her brow. "I am Harry James Potter." Thoughts had finally focused and he remembered what had happened just before he awoke in the forest. "What did your Aunt do when you broke her vase, the one with the blue flowers?"

The girl's mind appeared to not be fully engaged as she raised her arm, pulling the robe back. "She cut me with the biggest piece, right here." She pointed to a small divot just to the right of her left elbow. Harry pulled his sleeve up and did the same thing, showing a nearly identical scar.

"I think I'm you," Harry said as he lowered his wand.

"You're me?" the redhead asked, her confusion written plainly across her face. "What... how..."

As she sputtered, the ridiculousness of the situation hit him and Harry laughed. He waved his wand, creating a pavilion with screened walls and two heaps of cushions inside for seating. "Come, sit. This may

take a while," he said and levitated the girl's wand to her. As a show of trust, he turned his back on her and walked inside to sit down.

Of course, the act wasn't as trusting as it appeared. Harry had every confidence in his highly tuned magical senses alerting him to any surprise attacks. To his relief none came and soon he was serving conjured tea to his 'guest' in the pavilion.

"So, tell me a bit about yourself?" he prompted. "How did you end up crying your eyes out in what is, if I don't miss my guess, the Forbidden Forest?"

"I..." the girl started and then looked at Harry for a moment in consideration. It didn't take long for her to decide to continue. "I've just been entered into a tournament. One with a historically high body count, my only friends have abandoned me, and the rest of the school thinks I'm just seeking attention."

Harry nodded, he well remembered those days. At least, Hermione had made an effort to stay his friend, but she hadn't exactly gone out of her way to throw over Ron, either. "That sounds lonely," he noted as he reassessed the girl before him. He'd thought her young, perhaps twelve, but if she was in the Tri-Wizard, she would be fourteen. Apparently, her Aunt and Uncle were no more inclined to feed a niece than a nephew.

"Yeah," she grumbled, staring into her tea as though it might help her divine an answer to her situation. "What did you mean... you're me?"

"Oh, that... well, I think we're the same person, just from different realities. You're the person I would have been if I'd been born a girl. Well, and I appear to be several years in my past as I'm actually twenty-five."

"You don't look twenty-five," the girl remarked, looking him over so intently that he started to get nervous.

"Yeah, I don't think I am... I don't even feel twenty-five right now. Maybe seventeen, but not twenty-five. If I were twenty-five, I probably

wouldn't find you as attractive-" he stopped himself suddenly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say that out loud. I'll just be shutting up now."

A faint blush colored Harriet's cheeks but she giggled. "No, please, tell me how pretty I am. You're the only one who has noticed. I mean, aside from Ginny."

Harry's embarrassment was short lived as he suddenly found himself dealing with tea coming out his nose. "Ginny Weasley? No way."

Harriet laughed and nodded, blushing but enjoying the look on his face. "Yep! Apparently, there are all sorts of sayings about Quidditch playing girls. Ginny thought that just because I can handle a broom that I might be interested in her quaffle. You save her from a basilisk, and she reads a little too much into it."

Harry laughed himself hoarse at the thought, much to Harriet's amusement. "I actually dated her, you know. In my sixth year... I wonder if you're destined to do the same." He laughed again as she glared at him.

"Alright, so maybe not. Your earth shattering beauty aside, I was going to tell you my story. I'm guessing that pretty much everything is the same up to this year... First year, there's the stone and old snakeface in the back of Quirrel's head. Second year, there's a basilisk and a Weasley stalker. Third year, there's an innocent godfather, a dirty rat, and a hoard of Dementors. This year, there's the tournament. With me so far?"

She nodded and he pressed on. "Well, the tournament ends with snakeface coming back to life, and fifth year was spent with the Ministry trying to make me a villain. Sixth year, Dumbledore spent 'training' me, though it was fairly pointless. He managed to get himself cursed early on in the school year and eventually had Snape kill him at the end. Seventh year, was... well, it was war. I had to assemble some artifacts and destroy some others... actually, hang on a second." Harry stopped talking and started digging in his robes. The pockets were far deeper than they should have been and held any number of useful things.

"Here we go," he said as he pulled a distinctive length of wood from his pocket. "The Elder Wand. Go ahead and see how it likes you," he said, handing it over to his alternate self. If his theory was right, the wand would work for her and the rather insane idea that had occurred to him might just work.

Somewhat hesitantly, Harriet took the wand and gave it a swish. There were no sparks, but her teacup rose into the air and hovered steadily.

Harry smiled widely. "That wand is one of three artifacts that, when mastered by one person, allow for some amazing things to happen. Hang on for just a moment."

Rising, Harry stepped out of the tent and Apparated away. The work of fifteen minutes saw him pop back into the clearing. "I come bearing gifts," he said with a smirk. He tossed the ring to Harriet who caught it. She looked at it, puzzled, but he didn't offer an immediate explanation.

"Now, let me tell you some things that you probably don't know. First of all, you know that Dumbledore inflicted the Dursleys on you, but you probably don't know the real reason why. The story about blood protection is pretty much all made up. He did have a good reason for doing what he did... but it's far less pleasant than you might think. You see, when I was born, I had powerful accidental magic. Powerful as in several scales of magnitude greater than your average child. For my own safety, my parents used a number of binding spells to contain my magic. They were doing the right thing, but it's what happened a year after that that made things go bad."

"You see, when Voldemort tried to cast the killing curse on me, my magic instinctively responded. Whether or not it would have stood up to the killing curse is an interesting question... and I'm afraid I don't know the answer to that. However, Voldemort had performed most of the ritual to create a Horcrux, which is a kind of dark magic vessel that lets him put pieces of his soul into things so he can't really die, and that magic, along with the killing curse, interacted with the bindings on my magic and my magic itself. In the end, it resulted in a piece of Voldemort's soul being tied into the magical bindings, him dead, and me with a scar and too much fame."

"Have you started to have the dreams yet?" he asked and got a tentative nod in response. "Those are a result of the linkage with the soul fragment. He is also leaching off a considerable portion of your magical strength in order to survive. Now, Dumbledore figured a lot of this out when he saw me right after the incident and realized that I'd have to somehow break the bindings to stand a chance against Voldemort. Unfortunately, to do so would mean that the soul fragment would be released into me and could well result in Voldemort rising from the dead in my body. Thus, he had to come up with a plan. He reasoned that a sufficiently powerful will, one tempered by hardship and adversity, would be able to stand up against Voldemort's soul fragment and win out. Without knowing it, he also set up something else... but that's a discussion for another time."

"In the end, his plan had one fatal flaw. The bindings were growing stronger as Voldemort's soul fragment leeched more and more of our magic. Normally, they would have eroded and broken with time, but instead they got only stronger. By the time he figured it out, there was only one way to break the binds," he drew a nervous breath and silently reviewed his plan one more time.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, abruptly changing gears.

Harriet looked at him for a long moment and then tentatively nodded. Harry smiled, though he was inwardly cringing at what he was about to do. "That ring you hold is called the Resurrection Stone. It used to be a Horcrux, but I've gotten quite good at... desouling items. It helps that you and I can pretend to be Voldemort to most magical detectors because of our association with him. Put it on."

There was only the barest moment of hesitation as she did so, and Harry's eyes widened ever so slightly as she slipped it onto her ring finger. He pulled his father's invisibility cloak from one of his deep pockets and handed it to her. "Okay, now put that on."

As she did so, the low hum of power in the room rose to an almost crackling intensity.. The three items might not have been hers, but they certainly recognized her as their master, just as they would

accept Harry. "Close your eyes," he said, using every bit of his considerable nerve to keep his voice calm and level.

Harriet swallowed nervously, but did as he directed her. He faltered for a second as he said a silent prayer that this was going to work. He sighed as he raised his wand and incanted "Avada Kedavra".

Harriet's lifeless body toppled backwards, resting amongst the cushions.

AN: Well, part of the inspiration from this story goes to SilverAegis and his story Harry Potter and the Girl Who Lived (this is definitely not a rewrite). When it was first released on CaerAzkaban, the title was 'Sides of the Coin', but I have a propensity for punk rock songs.

I do want to give a big thank you to all of the gang over on CaerAzkaban for pointing out typos in the raw text and giving me ideas. There are three more chapters written at this time and they will make their way here as I proof and correct them.

A warning in advance: This story does explore a fairly odd Harry/Harriet ship which means there are some aspects of ephebophilia and incest involved (though from a certain perspective, they're not).

Chapter 2: All Over the World

Five minutes saw Harry pacing nervously in front of the pavilion. Ten minutes saw him doing something he hadn't done in years, namely, smoking. Inside the tent, Harriet had yet to stir from Harry's little 'surprise', and he was starting to worry that he'd really cocked things up.

The whole plan had been spur of the moment and he had to admit more than a little rash. He silently cursed himself as he began to cast serious doubt on the wisdom of going off half cocked like that. Even if things worked out, he was more than a little worried about what Harriet was going to think of him now. He'd intentionally not warned her because he didn't want her to say no. Ironically, that was a trait he'd always hated in Dumbledore, and he'd just gone off and done it himself. Even worse than that, what if Harriet didn't decide to come back from the afterlife? What if the response she'd gotten from the Elder Wand wasn't really proof of a connection to the Hallows and she couldn't come back? What if she did come back and hated him for what he'd done? There were too many questions and with his brain working feverishly, it didn't take him that long to plunge into self doubt.

Twelve minutes after casting the curse, however, the monitoring spell he'd placed around her body went off, and he rushed back inside. Her eyes flickered open just as he trained his wand on her heart and locked eyes with her. "Who are you?" he asked firmly, with command thick in his voice. He had fought hard to keep the hope hidden, in case it was Voldemort that spoke and he had to kill her. For real, this time.

Her brown eyes quickly gained their focus at his demand and she looked at him in confusion. "It's me... Harriet..." she choked out weakly. His skill with Legilimency wasn't great, but it was sufficient to confirm the truth of her words.

Dropping his wand, Harry closed the few feet of space between them, hugging his fallen twin. "I'm sorry, I was sure that would work, but... I started to doubt myself when you didn't wake right back up. I didn't warn you because I was afraid that it'd scare you too much... and I went all... Dumbledore... I'm sorry..."

For a moment, she clung weakly to him, then croaked out, "Why... why did you do that?"

"The soul fragment and the bindings. The only way to free you was to kill you... of course, the only way to survive that was to have a power greater than the killing curse, and the Hallows provided just that. Now, you're free of Voldemort. More than that, you're free of those accursed bindings."

Harriet closed her eyes, as though mentally feeling for something and then, slowly, her face broke into a weak smile. "I can feel it... so much power welling up inside me... I've never felt this way before."

"You should have consumed the fragment of Voldemort as well. That will have done a number of things for you, but the most immediate is that you will start to get pieces of his skills. Unfortunately, you have to deal with some of his personality leaking into your own... but there are methods for controlling that."

Harriet clung to him with renewed strength as she grasped the enormity of what Harry had just done for her. He knew that she was, no doubt, marveling at how clear everything seemed without the oppressive shadow of the former Dark Lord clouding her mind and emotions. It was true that a fragment of the bastard remained, but it was a completely different influence than the one she'd lived under her entire life. He was remembering just how thrilled he'd been when he realized the weight that had left him after the final battle when something startled him out of his memories.

That thing was the soft pressure of Harriet's lips to his. He resisted for half a second and then relaxed into her embrace, pulling her closer to him. After a seeming eternity, he pushed her away. "No, Harriet, not like this."

The hurt in her brown eyes almost killed him, as did the emotionless mask she donned as she pushed her disappointment away, burying it and hiding behind what he recognized as a 'Dursley defense'. "I'm sorry," she said simply, and he knew that she meant for more than just the kiss itself.

“No, that’s not what I mean. You’re still... look, I know a lot about you, but I barely know you. If we get to know each other better and want to go down that road, that’s different, but right now, we’re both a little emotional. I mean, we both feel like we’re all alone in the world, and it’s really tempting to give in to a momentary attraction. I’d rather not waste you on something like that. I have a feeling that we’re going to be together for a long time, whether as friends, siblings or... something else, and I don’t want to have that all get weird because we’re hasty. I... I never did tell you what got me here.”

He avoided looking at her for a moment, knowing that he wasn’t saying all of his reasons. There was something alluring about his alternate self, and he had a strong feeling that he wouldn’t have any problems finding attraction to a fourteen year old. Unfortunately, Harriet was as malnourished as he had been and looked more like twelve, which fell well below his tolerance for perversity. The fact that she looked alarmingly like his Mum certainly didn’t help matters.

Harriet didn’t look that happy with his explanation, but at least she wasn’t wearing the patented Harry/Harriet Potter ‘I’m fine’ face.

“Back in my world, after I took care of Voldemort, I tried to make a go with Ginny, but that just didn’t work out. I guess you can see it more clearly than I could, what with you both being girls, but she’s a little fixated on the fairy tales and romance novels. Needless to say, I wasn’t interested in playing a role for her and things fell apart after a little while. After that, I dated a few other girls, though the only one worth talking about was Luna Lovegood. She’s a great girl, but there was just something... I don’t know. Something was missing. She lost her mother when she was nine, but she had a mostly happy childhood, even if it was full of fantasy. Anyway, she’s got a way of looking right at the heart of things... I think she has some of the Sight in her. She told me that I’d never really be happy unless I learned to love myself. Then she did the kindest thing she could have done. She kicked me out and told me that she’d wait for me to figure things out, but I wasn’t going to sit around her flat while I did it.”

“It hurt a lot at the time, and it lead to me moving around a lot. As you’ll find out, you have a lot of what Voldemort knew inside you now.

It's no easy thing to harness that knowledge, though, and it'll take some hard training before you're ready to deal with it. I learned to duel on the road, challenging anyone I came across who was game. I won a few, lost a few others. If I lost, I always made a point to get better and come back to answer the loss with a win. On top of that, I picked up what I could, when I could. A bit of cursebreaking here, a bit of wandcrafting there, you name it and I did it. In the end, I went out looking for a lost artifact in Egypt. There's a legend about a sapphire the size of a man's fist that can grant a man any wish made with pure intentions. Took well over a year, but I found it and wished to learn to love myself, as Luna had told me. I guess the blasted thing was a little more literal than I'd have liked," he said with a lopsided grin.

"All of that leads me here. I found the sapphire, made my wish, and now I'm here. I don't know how to go back or even if I can go back. It's obvious that it turned me into a seventeen year old for a reason and that it put me near to you for a reason. I think I need to help you, and in the process you'll help me. I don't know if the stupid thing is waiting for the two of us to... you know... or if helping you out is going to free me from enough of my personal demons to make my whole self image thing better. It might even mean that learning to love you like a sister is going to help me with some of the baggage the Dursleys left me with. I'm just afraid that... if we jump to a conclusion about what route I'm supposed to take, that I'll chose wrong and end up ruining both of our lives. I'm used to making my own life a mess, but I don't know if I can handle ruining yours, too, so let's take it slowly."

Though she looked a little wistful, Harriet did nod and give him a soft smile. "Alright, then, Harry. I'll let you take the lead on this one." Without warning, her face hardened, and she punched Harry right in the nose. As weak as she was, it wasn't enough to bloody it, but it made him gasp in pain and raise his hands defensively. "But if you think it's a good idea to cast a killing curse at me again, I'll blast your bits off."

Harry pulled away, still defending his battered face with both hands and gave Harriet a hurt look. "I geb I deburbed dat," he managed.

She continued to glare at him, but it didn't last long before she started laughing and soon he joined her.

After that, they engaged in a slow conversation about various topics, and generally got to know each other better. With each passing moment, Harriet felt stronger as the lingering effects of death left her. Harry eventually thought to reclaim his wand and cloak, though he left the ring on Harriet's finger.

As the sun started to set, Harriet expressed concern at the time. "I guess I have to go back... I don't want to, though."

Harry gave her a lopsided grin as he made a decision. "Go on. Meet me back here tomorrow night, and bring your trunk. Leave Dumbledore a note telling him that you're withdrawing from Hogwarts and seeking private tuition. Baring some loopholes for purebloods, British law requires you to attend Hogwarts or another accredited institution until you've finished your O.W.L.s, but I think I have a way around that. I've got a few things to handle, but I'll be back here waiting. You've still got how long... three weeks till the first task? We'll get you in shape and ready for it, since you can't really duck out on a magical contract without paying for it. Well, I guess you're probably strong enough to shatter the thing, but that'd probably kill the other champions in the process."

Harriet sighed and nodded. She didn't look ready to commit three counts of murder to avoid the tournament. Harry considered it briefly, but he'd lost some of the hard heart he'd once had since being regressed to a teenager.

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The next evening, a tired but happy Harry Potter waited invisibly in the clearing. He'd had a very full day, using some of his future knowledge to enrich himself by plundering an unopened Egyptian tomb, using much of the proceeds to secure for himself official identification papers and arranging things for the excursion he had planned. Escaping Dumbledore meant going Muggle or going foreign. Choosing to err on the side of caution, Harry intended to do both.

He didn't have long to wait before a fuming Harriet stormed into the clearing, pulling off her invisibility cloak. Harry let his invisibility effect fade and offered her his half smirk again. "Hard day?"

She glared at him as she folded her cloak and stuffed it into her backpack. "You have no idea. I forgot to take my ring off last night on my way in and Lavender saw it. She can't keep her fat mouth shut, of course, and I had to put up with kissy faces and snickers all day. I. Hate. Children."

Harry internalized his urge to laugh at his double. "I've been there. That soul fragment infusion most likely matured you a little over your peers and they're decidedly immature around here for some reason. Remind me to tell you about my first... err... only date with Cho sometime. Complete disaster."

That seemed to take a little of the edge of Harriet's anger and she calmed down. "So, what are we doing? I only know about four places, and none of them are exactly secret."

"Well, we're going to head over to Privet Drive for about ten minutes, then we're off for parts unknown. Well, I know where they are, but it'll be a surprise." He held out his arm to her. "Come over here and let's get started. The faster we go the less likely they are to catch up with us."

Harriet nodded and let Harry embrace her. Within seconds, they were standing in the back yard of number 4 and tromping through the rose garden on their way to the front door. Harriet took particular glee in grinding one of the budding rose bushes under her heel.

Harry hit the buzzer and they waited for only a few minutes before the doorway opened to reveal the imposing bulk of Vernon Dursley. The great lump's eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Harriet on the stoop.

"Kicked you out, have they?" he grouched and made no motion to open the door farther and offer her admittance.

“Mr. Dursely,” Harry said, doing his best Lockheart impression. “Might I have a few moments of your time? I would like to discuss a business proposition with you.”

Piggy eyes fixed on Harry and his brow furrowed in even greater disdain. “Get in here, then. Don’t let the neighbors see you.”

All in all, it took only about fifteen minutes to get Vernon to sign guardianship of Harriet over to Harry. The bank draft that Harry produced for ten thousand pounds sped up the process, to the point where Harry didn’t even have to use one of his carefully prepared threats of violence on the man.

“Great guardians, weren’t they?” Harry asked as the door slammed behind them on their way out. “Selling you off to some guy they’d never met for a few thousand like that. He’d probably have tried to bargain with me more if you weren’t so skinny. Birthing hips, those aren’t.”

Harriet lips twisted in amusement as she cuffed him on the arm. “Arse. Now, get us out of here. If our exit happens to accidentally set the place on fire on the way out, so much the better.”

Harry laughed and Apparated them away, though his exit was noticeably lacking in pyrotechnics. Three quick hops later and Harriet’s exposure to the world in general had increased exponentially.

“Woah. Where were we?”

“Oh, in order, Cairo, Sydney, Boston, Rome, and then here.” He waved an arm at the neon landscape before them. “Viva Las Vegas.”

“It’s impossible to...” she managed, but stopped. Harry could tell that she was starting to understand a little about the kind of power she now commanded. “Vegas? Why are we in Vegas, exactly?”

Harry grinned down at his new ward. “People here keep odd hours, no one notices anything strange, and it’s about the last place Dumbledore is going to come looking for us. Now, let’s go check in to

our hotel. You've got a potion regiment to start tomorrow and it's not going to be fun."

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Harriet quickly discovered that 'not fun' was a massive understatement. The damage she'd suffered in her childhood included malnutrition and numerous poorly healed injuries. The first three days were spent on high potency nutritional potions that caused her soft tissue and bone structure to expand to what normal growth would have done with it. Since the expansion was so great, however, Harry warned that she was going to face a lot of broken bones and problems without the second part of the treatment. The pain from the first was nothing when compared to the agony she then experienced as she had every bone in her body systematically vanished and regrown with a fast acting version of Skel-Gro.

To make along story short, she spent almost an entire week whimpering, sobbing, and crying to herself in a hotel bed as she was remade. Harry offered to stop a few times and let her rest, but Harriet seemed determined to get the whole process over with as quickly as possible. She spent much of her time asleep, though most pain relieving potions had a strong potential for interactions with the Skel-Gro, offering her no relief. When she was awake, Harry held her often, stroking her hair and telling her about his travels to distract her. Six days later, a stiff and aching but healthier Harriet walked out of the hotel room leaning on Harry's arm for support.

They grabbed a cab down the strip and spent most of the day shopping for clothes for Harriet. The shopping, as much as anything else, seemed to restore her spirits and on the seventh day she was back to a strong semblance of normal.

"Just remember that pain," Harry advised her at one point. "When you get hit with the Cruciatus, remembering how much more the regrowth potions hurt will help you overcome it."

Harriet made a sour face. "I'd rather not get hit with that, thank you very much."

"I don't think you'll have much choice in the matter, Harriet," Harry said softly, but firmly. He'd made no secret of how extreme his training methods were going to be, and he could tell that it scared Harriet to think about it. His voice softened and he placed a hand on her shoulder. "It's terrible, but you're going to have to learn to overcome it if you'll be facing dark wizards of any caliber. Believe me, I learned my lesson that way. Once you figure out the trick to sublimating it, you can generally get the drop on the asshat casting it on you."

Harriet nodded and sighed.

Over the course of that second week, Harriet felt like a new woman, but Harry worked her like a dog. Amazingly enough, that only made Harriet blossom because, even though Harry was harsh, he was more than willing to praise accomplishments and positively reinforce lessons. The fact that her efforts were giving her highly visible and measurable results also helped.

Her training took place out in the Nevada desert and was both magical and physical. Using conditioning charms and potions typically only used by professional duelists in training, Harry made sure that even a week's training showed strides of improvement. Of course, the increased rate of gain from the magical steroids would taper off as Harriet's performance neared the upper ten percent of human ability, but the initial gains were staggering as she'd started off low-average in most aspects.

That isn't to say that all the pair did was work, however. The two of them hit many of the casinos and took in a large number of shows, Harriet taking great delight in making Harry dress up and be her 'date' for them. As Harriet had filled out considerably and looked more like fifteen or even sixteen than twelve, Harry had no problem flirting with her, though he was very much the gentleman and never so much as kissed her again.

While he'd initially feared that his somewhat abusive drill instructor persona would turn her off, he was surprised and a little disturbed that it seemed to have the opposite effect. For whatever reason, Harriet seemed even more attracted to him when he was his harshest

to her. He'd always heard about girls from abusive environments that turned out like that, especially in the Muggle world, but he would never have believed it of a version of himself. What was even more disturbing to him is that he liked the dominant role that she seemed to be encouraging him to assume. He would never hit her outside of training, of course, but so long as she was okay with it, he didn't feel an overwhelming urge to make everything a joint decision. She liked to be controlled, and he certainly liked the feeling he got from playing the part.

On November 18th, they checked out of their hotel and Harry Apparated them to a small clearing in a much colder area. Harriet immediately started shivering and complaining about the cold. She wilted under Harry's steady gaze and sheepishly pulled out her wand to cast a warming charm on herself. His grimace broke and he ruffled her hair after that, giving her a smirk. "See, you are a witch after all."

Harriet blushed and stuck her tongue out at him, though it only made him laugh. "Alright. You might be wondering where we are, and so... I'll tell you. We're in the middle of the Canadian wilderness, and what you see around us is a preserve for Yukon Smallsnouts. Let me see your wand." Reluctantly, Harriet handed it over and Harry cast a spell on it. He handed the wand back and continued. "If you are in a dire emergency, get a little bit of blood on your wand. It'll alert me and break the spell I just put on there. While the spell is active, the wand won't work. You've got three days to meet me there," he said, pointing to a mountain in the near distance.

"So, what, you're just dumping me out here?" Harriet asked, looking decidedly uncertain and more than a little afraid.

"Yep! I'm not too mean, though," he said as he tossed her a small pack. "Pay extra attention to the dragons around here, since I can assure you that you'll need that knowledge when we get back to Hogwarts."

Before she could protest further, he disappeared with a faint pop.

oOoOoOoOo

Harry wasn't as cavalier about the whole thing as he pretended to be, of course. He spent the most part of the following three days quietly shadowing Harriet on his broom, under his invisibility cloak. He did make a quick detour to Hogwarts to confirm that there were dragons being handled in the Forbidden Forest, but aside from that he spent most of his time hovering near his young ward.

The pack he'd left her was magically expanded and contained warm clothing and enough rations to last her till her destination, though the rations were decidedly unappetizing. A couple of books provided her with all of the information she'd need to be proficient in the wild, as well, and Harry knew that desperation was a great motivator for learning how to build shelters and the like.

Of course, that's not to say that his presence was always benevolent. He put as many obstacles in her path as he removed, though they were always of a nature that he felt she could handle. Some of the tests she flubbed, but others she passed with flying colors. Most importantly of all, however, was the confidence she seemed to be gaining as she made progress.

On the third day, she staggered to the base of the mountain and Harry began her real lessons. The hike had been a vacation, after all.

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Harry checked his watch again late on November 23rd. He and Harriet had spent the night in the royal suite of a lodge not too far from the dragon preserve. He'd been forced to pay out numerous foot and back rubs to make up for the wringer he'd put her through, but he could tell that she was generally pleased with the results she was seeing.

While a few short weeks before she'd been a bare slip of a girl, she was now fully worthy of the title 'young woman'. Her height had increased significantly and she'd filled out in all of the right places. She was still athletic, with better muscle definition and tone than before, but now she had more than enough of the appropriate padding to make that attractive. The fact that she carried herself with more confidence also lent to the overall attraction she now projected.

Harry did some mental math in his head and decided that they had about an hour before they needed to leave for Hogwarts. "Come on, Harriet, we need to do something before we go!" he called to the closed bathroom door. Harriet was taking another long shower, and it was a hot one if the wisps of steam slipping out around the doorframe were any indication.

A short while later, the door opened and his counterpart stepped out wearing a towel around her torso and another done up in her hair. "What's the hurry?" she asked, looking a little put out by having to cut her shower short.

"The hurry is that we have forty five minutes to get to Hogwarts and we need to discuss something first. Get ready. You have fifteen minutes," he said, pointing toward her room in the suite.

Harriet didn't protest and actually hustled into her room to get ready. Fourteen minutes later, she was standing in front of him in a set of very flattering yet practical robes with her hair down. Harry offered her a grin because she'd obviously used charms to get her hair ready so quickly. Her makeup, too, if he was any judge.

He shook his head of the thoughts her appearance was stirring up and produced a thick sheaf of papers. "This," he said, waving them about dramatically, "is a standard Apprenticeship agreement. It's a magical contract that can only be broken by breaching one of the terms, by mutual agreement, or by a decision of a court in the country of issue on a case brought by either the Master or Apprentice. As the Apprentice, you're required to follow my direction in matters regarding your education, do nothing to act against my welfare, and keep my secrets as your own. On my part, I am required to do nothing to endanger your welfare, to keep your secrets, and to educate me to the best of my ability. There are a number of other clauses in there, but those are the big ones. The penalty for breaking the contract is rather painful, but moreso for the Master than the Apprentice."

"Does that mean I have to call you master?" Harriet asked, with a twinkle in her eye.

“It doesn’t stop you from calling me master, but it doesn’t require it, either. I understand that used to be standard in these things but it’s fallen out of favor,” he supplied in a monotone. He just knew that this one was going to come back to haunt him.

“Yes, Master,” she replied with an exaggerated show of deference. Harry sighed.

“More importantly, with this contract in place, it’s illegal for anyone to attempt to dissolve the Master-Apprentice bond without the consent of at least one of us. Since these papers are issued by an American magical court, Dumbledore would have a harder time pulling his usual tricks there. Now, let’s get these things sealed and head on off to face your first challenge. You’re ready, right? Have you given any thought to the entrance we’re going to make?”

Harriet nodded happily and chirped in a sing-song voice, “Yes, Master!”

Harry groaned.

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AN: Well, that’s chapter 2. I softened the rough bits and expanded some of the sketchy bits from the original incarnation. This is a Harry/Harriet fic, but it’ll have a slower pace on the ship than most. Harry is still hesitant, though Harriet has already decided what she wants.

The “master” stuff is the result to Harriet overhearing an episode or three of “I Dream of Jeanie” and is not part of anything sexual. She just likes to annoy him.

Chapter 3: London Town A-Go-Go

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Harriet counter signed the contract and Harry stowed it away in his pockets as he pulled out his wand. "Alright, we need to make an impression. Maybe if we scare them a bit, they'll back off?" he asked with a grin.

"Yes, Master," she chirped, rocking on her heels as she watched him. He just rolled his eyes and waved his wand in her direction, causing her hair to straighten and a number of black tattoos to appear on her skin. Freed from its natural curl, her deep red mane reached down to the middle of her thighs and seemed to float after her like wisps of crimson flame.

"Going for the dark apprentice look," he noted as he transfigured her robes to a deep crimson with an embroidered edge of black runes. He turned his wand on himself and turned his own garb into ebon robes with red trim, much like hers. A quick transfiguration produced a white half-mask for him to complete the ensemble.

"Ready to go- oh, wait. Almost forgot. You know that Snape and Dumbledore can read thoughts, right?" The look on Harriet's face showed that she clearly hadn't known and was putting together all of the times they must have used it on her. "Well, now that you're free of Voldemort's shadow, you'll be able to learn the counter to that, but in the meantime, I have a solution." He again raised his wand and incanted "Occlude" as he waved it over her head, leaving it wreathed in a corona of white light that faded over the next few seconds.

"It's only a temporary barrier, and not that strong of one, but it'll keep even a direct assault out for a few seconds and warn me of what's going on. And just because I love them so much, I'm going to include a special gift," he said with a mischievous grin that caused Harriet to grin back. Again, he swished his wand and incanted "Faux Memoria" as he waved it about her head. "Anyone looking into your mind is going to have a little... surprise."

“Surprise? What’d you do?” Harriet asked, eager to take part in this little bit of revenge. “Is it nasty? Will their heads explode?”

Harry laughed. “No, down girl.” Harriet stuck her tongue out at him but calmed a bit. “I just put a false memory construct in place and loaded it with something particularly nasty for them to get a look at. I blame Luna.”

“What is it, then?” Harriet asked, and Harry made a mental note to help her a bit more with the thirst for revenge she’d apparently taken on since she’d eaten that piece of Voldemort. Conversely, eating the fragment of Voldemort may have just freed her to express her bloodlust.

“Well, Luna had a... prolific imagination. She used to write short stories all the time, and one of them involved Snivellous being... friendly by a rather amorous dragon. She even drew pictures. The pictures moved,” Harry said with a shudder.

Harriet looked at him in confusion, turned a little green, and then started laughing. “So, if Snape’s the one who... he’ll see... or if it’s Dumbledore...bwahahaha.”

Harry grinned and decided he’d give Harriet a little of the treatment, too. “You know that back in my world, he hated me because I look so much like Dad. He had a hard on for Mum... and... you know, I bet the reason he was always so mean to you is that he wanted you to keep your distance. Secretly he wanted to grab you and-ouch. Fair enough.”

Harriet, who looked on the edge of being sick stomped on his other foot for good measure. “That’s so disgusting... but... the way he used to look at me...” With that, she bolted to the nearest restroom and was heartily sick. Harry chuckled to himself for a bit and cast a mouth cleaning charm on her when she got back. “Thanks... that’s still gross...”

“Well, how about we kill him later. Together. It can be a bonding experience,” Harry offered, only half joking.

“Aw, but I didn’t get you anything,” she said with a weak grin. “I guess we can’t kill him unless he does something illegal, though. I don’t want us to get in trouble. Maybe we could just castrate him or something.”

“Well, he was the one who told Voldemort the prophecy that caused him to come after our folks. That’s got to count for something,” Harry said, growing more serious.

Harriet sobered, as well, and nodded. “Let’s just concentrate on fulfilling the tournament’s contract and keeping together. There will be plenty of time for revenge once we’ve gotten more time to train. I already feel like I’m twice the witch I was, but it’s not enough.”

Harry nodded in return. “The only one that worries me is Dumbledore. I’ll have our escape route in place, so remember what I told you about the portkeys and stick close to me when you can. I’m probably a little bit stronger than the old man, but he’s mastered skills I’ve only just begun to explore. Voldemort was in the same situation, and while he never lost to Dumbledore, he never won, either.”

A few minutes later, the pair Apparated to Hogwarts, to the clearing where they’d met. Harry put up a few quick wards around the area and made a portkey out of distinctive stone before chanting the spell that would give them a rather spectacular entrance to the Great Hall.

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The student population in the Great Hall for lunch was quite tense. Harriet Potter, the Girl Who Lived, had been missing for most of a month and rumors were running rampant. Many thought she’d been so ashamed of cheating to get into the tournament that she’d run away, killed herself, or maybe both. Others thought she’d been kidnapped by some left over follower of the last Dark Lord. There were other theories with fewer proponents, but all of them had one thing in common. They were wrong.

Well, except for the Luna’s ideas. Hers were just plain weird, but since no one could prove that Harriet hadn’t decided to take a vacation where horrible accidents would befall her foes and she

would gain a wide variety of new powers, it was just a good a theory as any of the others. And it was wrong. At least, in the current reality.

As Professor Sprout was walking over to Cedric to alert him to the fact that he needed to get down to the stadium, the massive doors to the hall suddenly flew open, slamming against the walls with a pair of resounding bangs. The wind that had done the deed continued on into the hall, whipping hair, robes, and napkins around furiously. Finally, a great amount of particulate was blown about by the wind in a mini-tornado in the middle of the hall, between the staff table and the student tables. The particulate matter soon formed into two hazy shapes and then, just as suddenly, the wind stopped.

Standing in place of the tornado were two imposing figures. Though neither of them was of overly large physical dimensions, both radiated power on a level rarely seen, even from Dumbledore himself. The taller of the two stood, menacingly, in black robes with scarlet trim and a red mask across the left side of his face, leaving the right side bare but somewhat obscured by the shadows of his hooded cloak. The other, smaller figure had her hood thrown back to reveal pale white skin, dark black tattoos, and a ferocious mane of crimson hair.

For two full heartbeats, no one in the hall spoke and then the girl stepped forward and said, "Your fourth champion returns."

As the words left her mouth, the students in the hall made the sudden connection between this sleek young woman and the gawky girl that had vanished the month before. The uproar was deafening and the pair of Aurors stationed in the hall of the safety of the Ministry employees at the staff table went for their wands. They, along with everyone else, paused as Dumbledore let off a cannon blast from his wand and rose, anger clear on his face.

"Silence!" he said in a tone of voice, that while soft, still carried through the entire room over the chatter. He was obeyed almost immediately. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, turning to face the newly arrived duo.

Harry placed his hand on Harriet's shoulder and stepped around her. "I am merely returning my apprentice for the first part of your tournament. Once she is done, we will depart again. If a binding contract had not been forced upon her, we would not be here at all. I would encourage you to have those two behind you stand down, as I do not appreciate having wands pointed at me, especially in so amateurish a manner."

The two Aurors who had been trying to line up their wands without being noticed by their target froze, embarrassed and more than a little nervous. Both were under forty, which meant they'd probably seen little action during the last war and the cloaked figure before them radiated experience and confidence.

"Those men are Aurors and are well within their rights to have wands drawn on someone appearing as you have," Dumbledore said evenly, his eyes locking with Harry's. "Now, who are you?"

As Dumbledore spoke, Harry could feel a subtle Legilimency probe and fed it the memory he wanted Dumbledore to see. The older wizard maintained his composure well, but looked a little green. "I am this girl's guardian and master, just as she is my ward and apprentice. As she has withdrawn from your school, I don't think you need to know more."

The murmuring among the students started again and Dumbledore had to use his voice trick to quiet it again. "Harriet cannot withdraw from Hogwarts. She has not passed her O.W.L.s."

"You would be right, if she were still a citizen of wizarding Britain. However, as I am legally a citizen of the United Colonies of North America, and have legally adopted her, I think you will find that her withdrawal is perfectly legal. It is your Ministry, after all, that still holds the laws requiring that citizens of the "rebellious colonies" be stricken of their British citizenship. Also legal is the Master-Apprentice bond which we hold. If you wish to challenge that, the court in Boston would be happy to hear your arguments, but unless you plan to deport us, that is not a matter for the here and now." Harry gave the headmaster a cold smile. "And before you ask, my adoption is perfectly legal. That horrible Muggle you made her guardian sold her

to me for a few thousand galleons. Tell me, did you require that he beat her every day until she was eleven, or was it worded more as a strong suggestion?"

Again, Dumbledore was forced to silence the hall, but Harry just seized the chance the chance to strike again. "I am also well aware of the prophecy that states that only Harriet may slay Voldemort when he returns. I am sure that something can be negotiated for that service, and I assure you that her rates will be more than reasonable."

The uproar started again, and behind him, he felt Harriet's fist bunch in his cloak. The girl was shaking, but a glance back showed that she was fighting hard against laughter. There was little Dumbledore could do to refute his charges in front of so many witnesses. Fortunately, the sounding of a loud gong saved him the trouble. The deputy headmistress cautiously approached the two.

"Ms. Potter, we must be down to the stadium. You must prepare for your task. Your... master may accompany you that far, but may not enter the competitor's tent."

With that, the two of them swept out of the hall behind the strict transfiguration professor and left the great hall. The other champions were not far behind as their handlers realized that the designated time was upon them.

Outside in the open air, the turmoil in the great hall seemed a distant memory. Harry left Harriet to walk beside the professor and instead contented himself with taking in a vista he had not seen in many years, aside from on the way into the castle a few moments before.

"Professor," Harriet asked after a while, "Did you know what kind of people the head-I mean, that man left me with?"

McGonagall stiffened and broke stride, bringing her two escorts up short. "I... I may have suspected," she admitted.

"Yet you did nothing," Harriet said, her voice thick with sadness. "Do you know what he was doing to me? Do you know that he was setting

me up to accept death in the process of bringing down Voldemort? That he intentionally put me in a place so that I would be abused until dying didn't seem so bad?"

The color drained from the older woman's face, but she turned and started walking again. "Ms. Potter... Harriet... I am sorry. I suppose I trusted the Headmaster a little too much... I never imagined..." From the waver in her voice toward the end, Harry knew that she stopped talking to stop herself from breaking down.

Harry placed a comforting hand on Harriet's shoulder, which turned into a hug when they reached the competitor's tent.

"Good luck. You're strong enough to do this," Harry said to her and gave her a peck on the forehead. "We'll go to a warm beach somewhere after you're done for a few days of relaxation."

Harriet nodded and stepped back, disappearing into the tent without another word. Minerva McGonagall looked after her former student with an expression of pure sorrow until Harry put a hand on her shoulder, as well. She jumped at the contact and he withdrew the hand. "Sorry about that," he mumbled. "Harriet's hurting a lot right now. She has been fine since she came to me, but I think that being back here has rubbed her emotions raw again. Would you mind showing me to where I can watch the proceedings? I assure you that her performance will be spectacular."

The professor nodded her head and lead him toward the stands, apparently in no hurry to get back to whatever duties she had for the day. "How did you meet Harriet?" she asked at long last.

"I happened across her down near the edge of the forest around the school. She was a sobbing wreck after her housemates ostracized her over the tournament. I heard her story, offered to take her on, and did some investigations of my own. I come from a home very much like hers, and I think I understand her needs very well."

Minerva seemed to relax a little, though she was still wary. "I'm sorry, it's just that you looked for all the world like a dark wizard when you appeared in the Great Hall like that. The mask doesn't help."

Harry chuckled. "Well, we wanted us to make an entrance. The robes, tattoos, and her hair are all just for effect. I'm no more a dark wizard than I am a light wizard. Harriet said that Voldemort told her there is no such thing as light or dark, only power. He was right, after a fashion, but woefully misguided."

The tension returned as Harry declared himself to be no light wizard and became palpable when he said Voldemort's name. Harry decided he needed to press on. "Even light magic may be used for evil, after all. Dumbledore is as light as they come and he still placed a defenseless little girl with those horrible people. There may not be much meaning to light or dark, but there is a difference between good and evil. I am a good wizard, at my core, and I think that Harriet is much like me in that. She has... after-effects from her first encounter with your little Dark Lord that make her prone to negative emotions over positive. I am working with her to control them, but it will not be a fast process."

That seemed to mollify her somewhat and she sat silently for a few moments before returning to her duties, leaving Harry to wait for the start of the task. He cast a notice-me-not charm on his position, putting enough power to keep anyone short of Dumbledore from piercing it and generally found himself bored as he waited for the match to start.

When it finally did, Harry found himself quite interested in how the other three competitors performed. He knew the results, in general terms, of their efforts, but it was quite amusing watching the actual action. Before too long, it was Harriet's turn and he stood up to get a better view.

His female counterpart stepped from the tent and strode toward the chained Hungarian Horntail with barely a moment's hesitation. She'd gotten comfortable with the Smallsnouts, but those were significantly less menacing creatures. Seeing its challenger approach, the dragon rose up on her haunches and spread her wings, blocking Harry's view and no doubt casting the most of the arena in shadow.

He experienced a moment of worry, but it passed as soon as it started when he heard Harriet's magically enhanced voice hissing in something similar to Parseltongue, but requiring much more power to speak.

"Halt!" Harriet cried, and the dragon did just that. "I am Harriet Potter, and I seek a boon of you, great serpent matron."

"An apeling with the power to speak the tongue of dragons? That is an oddity. I will humor your request, apeling. What do you wish and what do you offer?" the dragon asked in reply, its hissing voice sounding almost amused.

"Amongst your clutch, these fools have placed a false egg. It is not as yours, and serves only to disgrace your nest. Give unto me the false egg and I will offer you meat far more palatable than my own," Harriet answered with a firm voice, much to Harry's pride. He'd learned this little trick from Voldemort's memories and it'd taken ages to figure out the trick. Once he did, it was a simple matter to show Harriet how to channel an excessive amount of power into her ability to speak Parseltongue while giving it a mental tweak or two. Dragons weren't snakes, but they had an ancestor or two in common.

"Very well," the dragon said, lowering her head to nuzzle at her nest, inspecting each egg with a mother's nose. It took her a while to find the false egg, as it had been charmed to give it the proper scent, but she did. "This egg is not one of mine."

"Accio deer!" Harriet cried in a normal voice, waving her wand in the general direction of the forbidden forest. Harry had left the slain deer near to their escape clearing, and it soon soared into the stadium. It'd taken him almost an hour to convince her not to summon Draco instead. Wordlessly, Harriet guided it to the dragon who eagerly moved to devour it. As it finished its approach, Harriet cast a Flame Freezing Charm on herself to guard against betrayal and seized the moment to grab her egg. Prize in hand, she retreated from the arena.

The cheering for her performance was halfhearted, at best. Even though Harriet had done the best job with her dragon by far, but she'd used an ability that many considered dark to do so. Harry muttered

an invisibility charm and moved down to the area where Harriet was waiting for her scores to be read and moved in beside her.

“Good job,” he mumbled in her ear as he hugged her from behind. She started momentarily but then leaned back against him, pulling his invisible arms tighter around her.

As they waited, Professors McGonagall, Flitwick, and Moody came up to congratulate her. Harriet blushed a little but otherwise looked pleased with the praise. Harry took a moment to silently switch the contents of Moody’s flask with a flask of hemlock tea he’d brought along for just that occasion. Flitwick and McGonagall both refrained from mentioning Harry, which suited him fine. Moody didn’t really speak much, seemingly more interested in his surroundings. Harry knew that his invisibility charm was probably not good enough to fool the real Moody, but Crouch didn’t have anywhere near the same level of experience with the magical eye and probably couldn’t pierce Harry’s spell.

The little gathering broke up as Hermione and Ron sheepishly approached Harriet. For her part, Harriet’s face hardened and her eyes narrowed. “What do you two want?” she growled out.

“We just wanted to, you know, apologize.” Ron managed, not quite able to make eye contact.

“For what, exactly? For being an insufferable prat?”

“No, Harriet,” Hermione broke in, taking over, “We’re sorry we didn’t believe you about the, you know. I knew the tournament was dangerous, but I thought this one might have more safeguards and... well... I didn’t realize it could still be deadly to you. Someone must have put you into it to get you hurt.”

Harriet’s glare didn’t lessen. “I like how you refuse to take my word for it but suddenly believe it when it’s so obvious that a blind house elf could see it. Shows a great degree of trust in a friend, doesn’t it?” The way she ground out the word ‘friend’ made the both of them wince.

“We’re sorry!” Ron exclaimed. “Just, you know, say its okay and come back to Hogwarts with us. No one’s going to talk bad about you from now on.”

“No.”

“No? You can’t say no!” Ron replied.

“I just did. No, I don’t forgive you. No, I’m not coming back to Hogwarts. Aside from the tournament, I’m done with this bloody country. When I’m bored with watching Voldemort slaughter you morons, I might come back and take care of him. Or I might not.”

Their conversation was cut off as the scores were sent up. Harriet came in just behind Krum which caused her to take a rather angry breath. She’d completed the task perfectly, but apparently her methods were being punished.

Harry let his charm drop and put a hand on her shoulder. “Come on, let’s get out of here. This game is obviously rigged,” he added loudly as he steered the fuming girl out of the stadium and toward the Hogwarts gate. Just past the edge of the stadium, they ran across something that Harry had been hoping not to see but expecting.

“Hold it right there, whoever you are. You’re under arrest for kidnapping,” the Auror in the lead ground out, his wand pointed straight for Harry’s heart.

Harry sighed and patted Harriet on the shoulder. “Only half a dozen of them, huh? Did Dumbledore talk you into this or did those two pea brains in the Great Hall come up with it on their own? Alright, Harriet, time for a practical lesson. What do you do when half a dozen Aurors decide that they’re going to arrest you on false charges and put you into a prison system where trials are a luxury?”

“Umm... I don’t know... surrender? Run away?” Harriet asked, a little too eager to make her innocent act believable.

“No, you just have to take care of them. Now, your assignment is to keep from getting hurt,” he said and gave her a last pat on the

shoulder before drawing his wand and diving to the side in one smooth, practiced motion. One of the Aurors threw a quick stunner at where he'd been standing and Harriet had to drop to her knees to avoid it. The Auror in charge wasted precious seconds by shouting out "Don't hit the girl!" just before he was nailed with one of Harry's curses.

"Now, some people use stunners," Harry was saying as he dropped his second Auror with the same spell as he approached his opponents in a zig-zag run. A third almost got him with a cutting curse, but he dodged it and kicked the man's wand out of his hand as he dove past. Harry threw a blasting hex at the wand in mid air, causing it to explode in splinters, leaving the man defenseless for the followup hex. "I prefer using paralysis spells. The counter for paralysis spells takes power comparable to the power of the spell itself, unlike a stunner. It's hard for their allies to revive them."

The other three Aurors seemed to realize that Harry was not to be messed with and coordinated their attacks to give each other covering fire and keep up a steady stream of cutting, blasting, and stunning spells. Harry flicked his wand and the three fallen Aurors flew into the paths of the incoming spells. The look of horror on their faces as they realized they'd just injured their comrades faded as the now bloodied bodies hurtled toward them, each one impacting one of the standing Aurors.

Harry swished his wand one more time and five fallen wands flew to his hand. "It's a grave insult to destroy someone's wand, but not actually illegal. You shouldn't do that, unless they've really pissed you off," he said as the five captured wands burst into flames. He incapacitated the other Aurors and summoned their leader to him. The man's terrified eyes were the only part of him that could move as Harry stared him in the eye. "Just so you know, I was being nice today. Next time, I start killing people."

With that, he poked the man in the chest with one finger, sending his frozen form toppling over. "Come on, Harriet," he said, taking her hand. Within a few moments, they were half a world away from Hogwarts once more.

Chapter 4: Sink Another Drink

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Two days on the beach near Sydney did a lot to put Harriet in higher spirits. Out of Hogwarts, they'd done the normal "I'm Harry Potter and don't follow the normal rules of magic" trip around the globe followed by a quick stop in Italy to dispatch a note to Professor McGonagall and pick up a few things. After a quick chat, Harry and Harriet had decided that Dumbledore was going to try something and having the Professor as a tentative ally might help prevent major issues. To that end, they let her know about a secure Gringotts drop box that Harry had established for important correspondence.

Harriet spent much of her time on the beach trying to seduce Harry using the skimpiest bathing suits she could find. She found more uses for hair removal charms in those two days than in three years at Hogwarts. For his part, Harry did his best to maintain his composure around his twin and kept his own counsel about exactly how close she had come to getting ravished. Only the fact that he was disturbed by his attraction to her and his uncertainty that she really wanted what she was hinting at kept him in check.

After the first two days, they changed to a different resort a few miles up the beach and resumed their training.

"What Dumbledore doesn't realize, and I doubt Voldemort does either, is that we are Animamagi, emphasis on the 'ma'. Roughly translated, an Animamagus is a 'soul mage'," Harry lectured on their first day of training. "It certainly sounds a lot more impressive than it really is, though, unless you're willing to go darker than dark. The process of creating one was a secret of the ancient Egyptians, though a handful of cults have discovered it since. Voldemort and Dumbledore, being the fools that they are, still managed to do a rather perfect job on us. I'm not sure the prophecy didn't do a bit of it, too, since pure luck doesn't really seem likely."

Harriet grimaced at the mention of the prophecy. Ever since Harry had filled her in on it, she'd been blaming it for her ruined life and rightly so.

“Making an Animamagus is a three step process. First, you implant a soul fragment into the victim and weld it to their essence with a killing curse. Secondly, you have to temper them to the point that they have a will of iron. Typically, that means repeated beatings, starvation, and confinement. Third, you have to apply a second killing curse, which they have to find a way to survive. The method the Egyptians used for surviving the second curse is one of the things that has been lost to time, but the Hallows did a good enough job of it for us. If you do the job right, the person comes back to life and viola, a new Animamagus. If you mess it up... well, the Dementors are the result of a failed experiment into this. Most often, you just end up with a corpse.”

Looking a little green at the thought of Dementorhood, Harriet broke in. “What does it do, though?”

“Good question,” he said with a wink. “Well, there are two parts to it... one can be very, very dark, and the other is grey or even light. The dark part is the consumption of someone’s anima to gain the knowledge and skill of the person. The anima is kind of like the soul, but it’s both more and less than that. You’ve already done that once with Voldemort’s fragment inside you. I’ve done it a number of times, including with an ancient Egyptian Horcrux, which is how I learned a lot of this stuff. You can even suck the soul out of a person, if you want to... but I caution you against it. Destroying a fragment is one thing, but to actually devour all of a person would likely destroy your personality, remaking you into something else. I think, anyway, as I’ve never tried it and the information I gained from the Horcrux indicated that it wasn’t done back then.”

“The light stuff is more useful, in general, and is mostly internal. Primarily, you can become more aware of how your own anima is affected by spells and potions and then mimic that later. On the plus side, it saves you having to actually have the potion on hand. On the down side, it uses your magical energy to get the effect and you have to be able to concentrate enough to get it started. That’s why I’m going to be brewing some potions while you’re learning to mediate. We’ll cover Occlumency to some extent while we’re doing this, but we’ll still have to come back to that later.”

With that, the lecture ended and Harriet spent a very long week getting in touch with her inner self while Harry brewed potions and watched over her. She was disappointed when he informed her that one side effect of the Animagus creation was that she would never be able to become an Animagus because the two magics interacted poorly. It was somewhat mitigated by the fact that the effects of Polyjuice Potion could be mimicked, though each form had to be 'learned' separately.

By the end of the first week, Harriet had just managed to 'feel' her soul, magical essence, magical core, or whatever the anima really was. Harry was done with a great number of potions and at the "stir every few days" point with others. All-in-all, things were going very well. Too well, in fact.

On the seventh day since the first task, a secure Gringotts owl delivered a mail packet for Harry. The Gringotts owls could, of course, find anyone with a vault key, which made most mail wards ineffective against them. Fortunately for Harry and Harriet, however, Gringotts was treaty bound to not abuse that power.

The package, wrapped in plain brown paper, was from the Transfiguration professor and contained two things. First, a short notice which informed Harriet of the time and date of the ball. Apparently, Dumbledore had declared it to be an official part of the tournament, making her attendance required by the magical contract. The penalty for her absence wouldn't be as severe as if she missed a Task, but it would not be pleasant. From the tone of the letter, it was clear that Minerva doubted the wisdom of this and was starting to see Dumbledore's actions in a less favorable light.

Though she still didn't know Harry's name, she did mention that "her Master" might have done more harm than good with "his little dark wizard act". Also in the packet was a copy of the Daily Prophet. One look at the headline was enough to make Harry utter some rather colorful phrases.

Harriet snatched it from his hands and her face immediately lit up in a smile which faded to confusion as she noticed how upset Harry was.

“Sirius Black cleared of all charges’,” she read. “What’s so bad about that? My godfather’s a free man.”

Harry nodded. “Sirius being free is a good thing, but this has Dumbledore’s fingerprints all over it. With Sirius never having been charged with an actual crime, your guardianship was inappropriately awarded to the Dursleys. Now the courts can retroactively shift the guardianship, and all decisions that were made concerning you will be under review by Sirius. That means that the loopholes I used to free you from your British citizenship will have to be exploited again... and I highly doubt they’ll still exist by the time we could convince Sirius to go along with it. Damn.”

“You mean...” Harriet managed, her mouth hanging open in shock. “I’m going to have to go back to Hogwarts?”

“Actually or legally? Legally, yes, but I’ll fight tooth and nail to keep you out of there if you don’t want to be there. That little dust up with the Aurors was obviously a set up by Dumbles. He wanted to either get you back or cement the Ministry on his side in this matter. Looks like I gave them just what they wanted,” he growled and put his hand to his forehead as though warding off a headache.

“We still have three weeks till the Ball, so I suggest that we finish with these potions, finish the training we’re going to be doing, and then head back a little early to see Sirius. I just hope we can find the old dog,” Harry said after a time, his voice betraying how annoyed he was with the whole situation. “Oh, and we’ll have to get you some dancing lessons, too.”

Harriet was a fourteen year old girl who had been abused her entire life, been turned into an Animagus through a rather reprehensible process, died, chatted with a dragon, and was currently trying to seduce a male version of herself from another dimension. Even with all of that, the fourteen year old girl part lit up at the thought of getting to wear a set of dress robes and go to a formal ball. A goofy grin spread across her face.

For his part, Harry just groaned.

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The week before the Yule Ball saw Harry and Harriet packing up their things in Australia. They'd both spent the previous day downing potions as Harry discovered that his Anima had changed significantly since his trip across dimensions, making much of the soul magic he'd learned there useless. There had been the requisite battery of healing potions, as well as a number of harmful potions and their counters. Poisons and their antidotes were not covered as Harry indicated that his blood held a mix of basilisk venom and phoenix tears that was sufficient to keep him safe from any other poison for the rest of his life. They assumed that Harriet would be the same.

They had also spent a large amount of time training underwater. Gillyweed was another substance that Harriet could mimic after experiencing it, which made it even more useful as she was no longer beholden to its duration. The two practiced with a wide array of spells useful for underwater combat, detection, and defense, using the plentiful jellies and sharks of the Australian coast for practice.

"If you can handle a school of frenzied tiger sharks, I doubt merfolk will be a challenge," Harry noted just before conjuring raw bloody meat between Harriet and a school of the massive critters and Apparating away. She gave him a well deserved thrashing once she finally made it back to shore, one of her feet reduced to a tiny budding mass and magically exhausted from keeping the blood replenishing potion and tissue regrowth potions working. The foot had been usable again the next day, but she still spent a great deal of time glaring at Harry.

For his part, Harry found it quite entertaining and took to making comments about finding a Nundu at every opportune moment. Harriet was not amused.

While Harriet was swimming and meditating, Harry continued his brewing and went about shoring up a fake identity for himself. He secured from Gringotts new papers and sat his N.E.W.T.s at the Australian Ministry, coming through with quite a few Os. He even went so far as to visit his supposed hometown for a couple of days

and familiarize himself with the sights. He had a fairly good identity as James Oslow, a young man born in England and raised in Australia.

In any case, three days before the ball, the pair returned to England wearing the faces and forms of a couple of Australian Muggles that Harry had filched hair samples from. Harry had a Plan. Unfortunately, that Plan involved finding Sirius Black and striking an arrangement before the Yule Ball, and there wasn't much time to do it.

The pair of them took a room at the Leaky Cauldron under assumed names and set out to find Sirius Black. For once, Harry's luck held and they found Number 12 Grimmauld Place to be occupied and without a Fidelous. A rather wary and haggard looking Sirius Black answered the door to a young couple in cloaks, his wand gripped tightly in one hand.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good," Harriet chirped out and pushed the door open, slipping inside past her startled and confused godfather. Harry followed, ever so gently steering Sirius's wand hand aside as he moved and pushing the door closed behind her. Harriet's smirk only widened as she dropped the polyjuice effect, reverting to her natural feature and further shocking her host.

"Harr--Harriet?" he managed at last, his eyes wide and his mouth hanging open. She tackled him in a fierce hug, and tears streamed down his face. He didn't even seem aware of Harry's presence, a fact that he took advantage of to make sure no one else was in any of the nearby rooms.

Done with his inspection, Harry waited for the tearful reunion to finish, blinking back his own tears. Of all of the people he'd seen in this reality, none had affected him on the same level as Sirius.

"I thought you were kidnapped," Sirius muttered as he patted the shorter girl's hair soothingly. She pushed back from the hug a little at the suggestion and Harry could see her lips thin into a hard line on her teary face.

“Who told you that? Dumbledore? That old... nevermind. Some good came out of this, at least. He only got you released so I’d have to go back to Hogwarts and suffer more of his presence.”

Sirius was startled at the venom in the girl’s voice and blinked the tears from his eyes. It was then that he noticed Harry, standing unobtrusively to the side. “Who are you?” he asked, his voice calm but guarded.

“Me?” Harry asked. “I’m Harriet’s teacher. The one who’s supposed to have kidnapped her and all that hogwash.”

Sirius raised his wand toward Harry, but Harriet’s hands caught his wrist and forced it down. “No, Sirius. He is a friend. He’s done nothing but tell me the truth about what’s been going on and how I’ve been used. How you’re being used, too, for that matter.”

Sirius stopped trying to raise his wand and sighed. “Fine. That doesn’t answer my question, though. Who are you?”

By way of answer, Harry let his polyjuice disguise drop and returned to his normal 17 year old visage. Sirius gasped out “James” and dropped his wand. However, a second look resulted in his face hardening. “You’re not James.”

“Got me there, Padfoot. Want to hear about the greatest prank in wizarding history?” Harry asked with a smirk.

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It took two retellings of the story for Sirius to believe what Harry was telling him. The fact that Harry knew secrets that even Harriet hadn’t uncovered about the Marauders and the Potters did a lot for his case. When he was done, Sirius paled.

“I think that I might have done something bad,” Sirius groaned. “One of the conditions of having my name cleared was that Harriet would have to attend Hogwarts until her O.W.L.s. I didn’t think anything of it because of, you know, the whole kidnapping thing, but... damn.”

Harry sighed as he lost a little of his hope for a peaceful solution to their problem. "It's my fault, I guess. I didn't expect Dumbledore to be able to spring you that easily... I mean, in my world, he never managed it. I guess that little fiasco with the Aurors really did it, huh?"

Of the three, Harriet was the only one with any cheerfulness left. "Aw, come on, it can't be that bad. We'll think of something."

Harry and Sirius nodded, dejectedly, as the redhead flopped herself on Harry's lap. "I'll make them regret having me at school," she said with a wolfish grin. "I mean, I know where I can get gallons and gallons of basilisk venom and I know where the pumpkin juice is kept."

Harry sighed dramatically, though he had to fight back a grin. "Now, Harriet, what'd I tell you about killing people?"

"Don't get caught?"

"Besides that."

"Take all of their stuff?"

"No, besides that."

"Don't do it without a really good reason and only if there is no other choice," she sing-songed and then started giggling.

Behind her back, Harry stage-whispered to Sirius. "I think it's the red hair, makes her mental."

Sirius, who had been watching the exchange with a mixture of horror and amusement, broke out laughing as Harriet swatted Harry about the face and neck.

A few minutes later, Remus walked into the room having just let himself in and stopped to gape at the scene before him. His 'just cleared of all charges' best friend and 'totally not in a gay way' life mate Sirius Black was sitting on the floor, laughing his head off while a young couple that looked suspiciously like Lily and James Potter

were wrestling on the floor. Well, the girl was wrestling, the boy looked more like he was trying to avoid a beating.

“Lily? James?” he gasped out and all action in the room came to a dead stop. Then Sirius started laughing again, even louder as Harry and Harriet separated and rose, straightening their close and trying to look dignified.

What followed was a repeat of their earlier telling and retelling of the story, though with Sirius ‘helping’ it took twice as long.

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Sirius wasted no time in contacting the solicitor he had already enlisted to have Harriet legally adopted, and by the afternoon of the Ball, they had a workable solution. Once the adoption was finalized, Harriet would be the official heir to the Black family, bringing an entire host of pureblood loopholes into play. As she had been raised by Muggles, it was expected that she would need a great deal of official training and thus was allowed an outside tutor during any hours not reserved for traditional classes. While with her tutor, she was able to leave school grounds as the tutor deemed it necessary. There were even provisions in place to prevent Dumbledore from using detentions or the like to make Harriet miss her tutoring sessions.

Harry was quick to sign on for that job, intending to find a place in Hogsmeade to stay and be near to hand should Harriet need him.

In the immediate future, Harriet was more concerned with finding appropriate dress robes, or as Harry soon learned, barley appropriate dress robes. Wearing his official ‘James Oslow’ face, Harry accompanied her to Madame Malkin’s and watched as she had the witch shorten and shrink every aspect of the dark red number she was eyeing until even the seamstress was blushing a little. A blushing Harry talked her into a little more modesty, but not much. Harriet had spent years as a scrawny gawky thing and was quite eager to show off her newly developed assets.

The dress fit well with Slytherin’s locket, which Harry had presented to her the evening before along with a coaching session in how to

properly devour a the creamy soul center of a Horcrux. It'd taken her an hour with a toothbrush to get the taste out of her mouth, but the boost in power and skill was no doubt worth it. Harriet joked that she didn't think she could eat just one, and Harry just grinned and promised to find her another one.

When his turn came, Harriet kept trying to get him to make it all tighter and more form fitting, but he eventually drew the line. The form he was wearing was the one he intended to wear to the castle, but he might still need to shift forms at some point and clothing that was too tight would be a problem. Eventually, Harry paid for their purchases and they spent the last day getting ready to face the castle.

Chapter 5: Empty Eyes

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At a quarter of eight, Harriet and Harry appeared before the gates of Hogwarts clad in their best robes. Harriet's outfit was the dark red robe from Madame Malkin's that showed off every bit of her newfound sexiness. The ensemble was completed with not one but two relics that had once been Horcuxes. Harry sincerely hoped that Dumbledore recognized them as the man was getting on his last nerve.

For his part, Harry was in his James Oslow guise and wearing a set of nicely tailored robes that allowed him relatively free movement. He wasn't going in to the ball to start trouble but... oh, wait, he was going in to start trouble. He just didn't want to start trouble that ended in violence.

With Harriet being invited, it was an easy matter for her to gain entry through the Auror guarded gates for herself and 'my godfather's appointed escort' as she referred to Harry. Harry was all smiles and wide eyes, playing up the role that his cover required and soon they were pushing inside the entry hall with a great number of other students who were waiting for the Great Hall to be opened.

Harriet received any number of looks, mostly from boys, but not a one of them recognized her. Of course, associating the voluptuous redhead that had arrived for the Ball with the scrawny waif that had been Harriet Potter did take a bit of effort. Harry caught himself looking more than once and instead forced himself to scan the crowd for trouble.

He spotted a scruffily dressed Ron in the corner, apparently dateless, and Malfoy coming up the stairs with his equally dateless goons in tow. Aside from that, there were many faces that tickled his memory but few that he cared enough about to linger on. He couldn't recall if Neville or Luna had made the Ball or not, and they were the only two students he really wanted to reconnect with. Hermione was... well, he'd like to reconnect with her, too, but she really needed to grow out of her 'authority is always right' phase before that would work. Ron

was... he could do without Ron. After Hogwarts, he'd exchanged fewer than a hundred words with his 'best mate' and even those were on occasions when Harry had been seeing Hermione for one reason or another.

Within a few minutes, McGonagall's voice called for the champions and Harriet pulled him to the short line forming at the doors. Harriet was smirking and it only took Harry a second to figure out why. Krum was escorting Hermione again, and she did look nice, but she didn't even come close to Harriet's level of hotness.

McGonagall pushed up to the pair and looked disapprovingly at Harry. "Ms. Potter, who is this gentleman?"

"That'd my escort, Professor. He's the tutor my godfather found for me, now that I'm under his charge," Harriet replied with the best grace she could.

McGonagall frowned. "Mr..."

"Oslow, ma'am. James Oslow," Harry supplied, using the watered down half-English half-Aussie accent he'd decided James spoke with.

"Mr. Oslow, because of your station, you may attend the ball, but I'm afraid that it would be inappropriate for you to sit the dinner or dance the opening dance with Ms. Potter. You are, in essence, her teacher, despite your youth and it is more appropriate for another student to be in that position," she said and Harry got the sense that there was no animosity in her suggestion, but simply a concern for Harriet's reputation and the decorum of the Ball.

"I understand, ma'am... but we have to find Harriet an escort," he said with a fixed expression on his face. He was mildly disappointed, but glad that McGonagall had been the one to have this discussion with. She currently had a positive balance in his books so he was inclined to be diplomatic.

"I believe that Mr. Weasley is without-" she began but was just as quickly interrupted by Harriet's "No!"

Fortunately, at that moment, a pale arm snaked out of the crowd to twine itself with Harriet's. It was quickly followed by a slender body topped with long blond hair done in a tight bun and wearing a rather unisex set of dress robes. "Sorry I'm late, Harriet," Luna said with a dreamy smile. "It took me quite a while to find my left shoe. I suspect some of the Nargles finished mating early and mistook it for a good nesting site."

Harriet's angry expression turned to one of confusion, and Harry's turned to mirth. Trust Luna to insert herself into a situation at just the right moment.

"That's not a problem, is it Professor?" Harry asked, his eyes darting to the two girls.

McGonagall paused for a moment, as though reviewing the rules in her head. Eventually she frowned slightly and sighed. "No, Ms. Potter, Ms. Lovegood, while not ideal, I believe that having a friend escort you will be sufficient. You may proceed."

"Have fun, Harriet," Harry said as he patted her on her on the shoulder and watched her get swept into the Great Hall with her new escort. He cast a glance to the side and a grin spread across his face as he offered the older witch his arm. "Since I'm attending as a teacher then, would you be so kind?"

Minerva's left eyebrow rose before she gave him a tight smile and placed one hand on his arm. "Very well, then."

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The realization that Harriet was the stunning redhead sitting beside Loony Lovegood was a slow one, but once it began there was no stopping it. While Harriet did her best to not glare at Dumbledore for the entire dinner, students constantly glanced in her directly, trying to discern what magic had been worked on the Girl-Who-Lived.

For his part, Harry found a stat at the Professors table and was immediately introduced as Harriet's new tutor. A couple of questions and citation of the appropriate rules answered the questions and he

found himself enmeshed in a discussion of education. Aside from training Harriet, Harry hadn't taught much of anything since the DA experience of his fifth year, but he still found it quite interesting. He even took the opportunity to spread a little disinformation about himself and to cast Harriet's 'abductor' in the most sympathetic role possible. He claimed that he'd met the man who, it turned out, was an old friend of Sirius Black's named Ralph that, upon discovering that Sirius was innocent and that Harriet was being abused, rashly took matters into his own hands.

Some of the faculty looked surprised at the casual mention of abuse, but others looked like it confirmed things they had long suspected. He made a few remarks about the potion regiment that Harriet had undergone but Harry was careful not to let the conversation linger on the subject too long. Soon, he was having a discussion with Professor Flitwick about the merits of the various dueling styles. Surprisingly, Harry found that he was having a rather good time, going so far as to mention that Ralph had said something about finding a way to make basilisk venom taste like polyjuice potion before he left, though Harry couldn't, for the life of him, figure out why. The nervous look on the fake Moody's face was really the highlight of the evening for Harry.

Before long, the music began and Harry managed to claim Professor Sprout as his dance partner. The opening dance was very stiff and formal, requiring minimal contact, which suited Harry just fine as he was getting a little tired of being so cheerful. He cast occasional glances toward Harriet to see her managing to dance with a smiling Luna leading. Professor Dumbledore had vanished from the dance floor by that point and Harry had a strong feeling that the man was arranging for Harriet to be detained when she tried to leave.

Deciding to worry about that later, Harry continued to dance through the second song, which was also rather formal as he changed partners with a pair of Hufflepuff sixth years. Soon, the music sped up and people weren't dancing with each other so much as dancing near each other. Harry used the chance to get near to his change and claim her from Luna who just smiled serenely at him after making him promise to dance with her later.

He almost laughed out loud when he watched her snag Cedric off of Cho's arm. Making it even funnier was the fact that Cedric couldn't keep his eyes off Harriet the entire time.

"So, how bad was it?" he asked in her ear as he leaned into her personal space.

"Pretty bad," Harriet said with a frown. "The old man is almost floating with glee. He's up to something."

"He's always up to something. You can tell because he's breathing."

"Yeah, if he keeps this up, I'll be happy to fix that for him," Harriet growled out.

"Now, now, that's not very nice," Harry chastised her with a smile on his face. "True, but not nice."

Harriet stuck her tongue out at Harry childishly and kept on dancing. Harriet certainly seemed to be enjoying herself and Harry found that he didn't hate dancing as much as he usually did when he was near her.

A few minutes later, Viktor Krum sidled over and traded partners with Harry. Hermione's eyes were almost pleading as she watched Harriet spin away. Harry grabbed her hand and started dancing with her, though she seemed reluctant at first. "I'm Harriet's tutor, James," he supplied and she relaxed a little.

"How is she?"

"Better, but not good. You really hurt her, but I think she misses you," he called back, having to be rather concise to be heard over the music. Hermione's face fell at the statement, but her eyes held a glimmer of hope. "Talk to her. Apologize to her. It might just take time."

Hermione nodded and soon Harry traded her to a confused Harriet. He went with Viktor to get something to drink for the ladies and shared a brief conversation with him about all of the odd happenings

associated with the tournament. Nothing really important got said, but Harry got something of a feel for what it would take to get Krum on their side should old snakeface rise again. Back in Harry's world, he couldn't recall ever hearing of the Quidditch star out and out siding with the Light, but he knew he hadn't gone with the Death Eaters.

When they got back, they found Hermione and Harriet clutching each other and crying. Harry smiled and the group of four went to sit for a while. Hermione and Harriet had apparently had a rather tearful round of apologies and were friends again, though maybe not best friends. Hermione started to question Harriet on what she'd done to make herself look so much better and Harry was almost grateful for the interruption of one Ronald Bilius Weasley.

"Oi, finally decided to grace us with your presence, Potter?" the redhead asked, looking down his nose at Harriet. "Get bored with being a dark witch, then?"

Harriet's eyes immediately narrowed and she waved a hand dismissively. "Not that it's any business of yours, Weasley, but I came here under my own power to fulfill my part of the Tri-Wizard contract. A contract which I did not ask to be bound by, by the way. If it didn't exist, I'd never willingly be within a mile of you again."

Ron snorted. "Yeah, sure. You 'didn't want' to be on the front page of the Prophet every other day for months. Even with you doing so badly that you're in last place, you found a way to hog all of the press coverage for the Tournament."

Harriet drew in a shuddering breath as her cheeks reddened with anger. Then her eyes narrow and her jaw tightened. "Weasley, I don't care about any of that. All I want is to quietly leave the country and get on with my life away from you... you people."

"Yeah, sure you do. All you care about is the fact that you're getting all this attention. You weren't satisfied with the fame you got from your dead parents so you had to--"

What Ron was going to say next was lost as Harriet nailed him with a savage uppercut to the jaw. Ron fell backwards onto his arse and kept going, his head landing a split second later, out cold.

“Damn,” Harry said, eyeing his student appreciatively. “I think it’s time we were leaving,” he noted as he rose. “Mr. Krum, Ms. Granger. It’s been a pleasure. Harriet will be returning to school when the term starts back.”

Pulling the unresisting Harriet with him, Harriet made a line for the dance floor. The two of them were soon lost in the swirl of dancers and a few quick wand flicks had them in new robes as they shifted using memorized polyjuice forms into other faces. Ducking and moving as they were, the transformation went unnoticed and they reversed course to slide past a team of Aurors moving into the area, no doubt looking for Harriet and her mysterious companion. They walked right out the front gate into the small garden prepared for couples and spent a few minutes wandering around and looking at the faeries before slipping into the darkness.

It was only the work of a few minutes to disillusion themselves and slip into the passage to the Shrieking Shack. From there, it was a quick trip back to Sirius’ home where they gratefully changed into more comfortable clothes and debriefed each other on the night’s activities.

Only as he went to bed did Harry realize he’d never given Luna that dance.

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The remainder of the holiday break flew by with Harry helping Harriet finish her Occlumency training. With a second fragment of Voldemort’s soul consumed, Harriet was able to harness the formidable skills the former Dark Lord had possessed in the area and make them her own. As easy as it was to learn that way as opposed to having to earn the skills herself, Harriet still had very little time left over for anything else.

During her training, Harry started to notice that she was more and more on edge about something, but could never quite discern what. She had become overly affectionate with him at times, almost aggressively so on more than one occasion, but Harry managed to keep things at the level he felt comfortable with through an application of sheer willpower.

Aside from training and flirting, the only other items of note were the acquisition of house in Hogsmead for Harry, Sirius, and possibly Remus and a discussion on what had happened with the various students and teachers in Harry's world. Harriet knew a bit about Luna who she hadn't actually met until the Ball, but aside from that Harry had not mentioned much aside from the eventual fates of Sirius and Remus.

Hermione and Ron, it turned out, had embarked on a failed relationship before Ron eventually became jealous of her as well. Harry had last spoken a few nasty words to Ron several years before leaving his own world following the one and only incident where Ron had laid a hand on Hermione. Hermione had remained a distant friend through that time and Harry didn't see a reason for Harriet to push her aside provided that Hermione could be made to see that her friendship was more important than what Dumbledore wanted. What she should do with Ron remained unsaid but understood, considering the incident at the Ball.

Lavender Brown ended up writing salacious gossip articles for Teen Witch Weekly and would make a reasonable ally but a poor friend. Parvati, along with her sister Padma, eventually ended up in an arranged marriage to a wizard back in India. Neither had protested, but neither had they seemed happy about it making it one of the more grey areas in terms of whether or not they should get involved.

From the boys' dorm, Dean died in the war and Seamus had gone Muggle shortly afterward. Neither one was that important to Harry, so he didn't offer an opinion on them. Neville Longbottom, on the other hand, he encouraged Harriet to befriend. Neville had proven himself to Harry as a true friend and an able wizard on a number of occasions and having him for an ally was an excellent idea.

Of the upper years, Harry told what he knew. The Weasley twins were 'a good investment', as was Angelina Johnson. Most of the rest either died in the war or faded into the background.

Outside of Gryffindor, Harry had less knowledge. He did know the fates of a number of the Slytherins, but that was mostly because he'd killed them or seen them die.

Eventually, their talk came to an end and it was time for Harriet to pack for Hogwarts. A few quick swishes of her wand did just that and Harry gave her a chaste kiss on the forehead before departing for his own bed.

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The morning that he was scheduled to put Harriet on the express and take possession of the new house in Hogsmead was surprising to say the least. Harry came awake slowly, his mind slowly taking stock of a number of odd sensations.

First of all, he was naked, which was odd considering he normally slept in sweat pants. Secondly, something warm was pressed against his back, including a pair of rather hard points just over his shoulder blades. Finally, a small warm hand was sliding over his hip bone, fingers tracing patterns over the place where his bone jutted out a little.

All of these came together and he stiffened. "Harriet, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," came the reply and he could literally hear the smile in her voice.

"No, it's not nothing. Where are my clothes? Where are your clothes, for that matter?"

"I vanished them. I thought, since I'm going back to Hogwarts today that you might... you know... want to... you know..."

"Didn't I say I wanted to wait?" he asked, his eyes closed tightly. He couldn't hide the effect she was having on him with her touches, but

he refused to look at her naked form. He didn't think he could resist her if he did.

"But I don't want to wait. I want you," she said in a deep voice. Her hand slipped forward a little and cupped the proof of his own feelings. "I can tell that you want me, too."

"I... Harriet... oh, god," he gasped as her hand circled him and began to move amateurishly but effectively. His resolve crumbled, but he retained enough sanity to twist around toward her. Fortunately, his movement broke the delightful contact she had with his intimate areas and let him think enough to keep from mounting her right there.

He crushed his lips to hers, pulling her roughly toward him with his hands roaming all over her body. She was just as naked as he was and the feel of her tightly toned body was heavenly.

They went on like that for several moments, but when her hands began to roam again, Harry stopped them. "No. Not yet," he growled and pushed away from her.

"Why not?" she asked in a tiny, disappointed voice as she followed him, not willing to let him go so easily.

"I just... not yet. Your first time is supposed to be special."

"First time?" she said, snorting. "You think I'm a virgin?"

Harry's eyes very nearly popped out of his head at that. "Wait, you're not?"

"No... I..." she stopped, trailing off into silence.

"Harriet," he asked gently, his erection rapidly fading. "What happened to you?"

"I... it was..." suddenly her playfulness was gone and Harriet looked like she was going to break down. Harry drew her to him and stroked her hair. "If you don't, you'll leave me..."

“Harriet, please...” Harry said as he continued making soothing sounds. “Tell me what happened. If you can’t... let me see the memory. I promise I’ll be gentle.”

No longer able to summon her voice, Harriet raised her teary eyes to meet his. Gently, he pushed into her mind and followed the emotional trail right to the memories he needed to see. Being careful to not force her to relieve them, he peeked inside.

“I’m sorry, Harriet, but we need to break up,” said the voice of a young man that looked much like a younger Percy Weasley.

“What? Why? I thought you loved me,” Harriet asked and her feeling of anguish was almost overwhelming.

“I thought I did, but you’re... well, you’re just too immature. Don’t worry about that, though. We had plenty of fun this summer, didn’t we?”

“Is this... is this because I didn’t want to shag? Percy, please...”

“I’m sorry, Harriet, but I really should be with someone more mature.”

“I’ll do it!” Harriet cried, and Harry could tell that it was a decision born of desperation. “I’ll have sex with you, Percy... just don’t leave me...”

Harry pulled back and his face hardened. “What happened?”

“It was after first year... I was at the Burrow for half the summer and Percy was so nice to me,” Harriet supplied in her tiny voice, still clinging to him. “He wanted to, but I didn’t want to... and then... he left me anyway.”

“And you think that if I don’t... if you don’t... that if we don’t do that that I’m going to leave you?” he asked. The damage that Percy had carelessly inflicted on her was devastating. He felt her nodding and shaking again with tears.

“Harriet, listen to me,” he said as he pushed her away from him a little. “I love you. I’m not sure if it’s the kind of love where I need to be

shagging you or not, but I know that I love you. I'm not going anywhere. Now, let me tell you what I'm going to do," he said as he fumbled for his wand.

"First of all, we're going to get some clothes and get cleaned up. Secondly, I'm going to have Sirius floo Dumbledore and tell him you've had something come up and won't be on the train. Thirdly, we're going to talk for a while. Percy's a git, but I wouldn't have thought he'd do something like that. I mean, you were twelve and he was what? Fifteen?"

"Sixteen," Harriet supplied in that small voice again.

"Right, sixteen, that's even worse. Fourthly, you're going to go back to school and finish this Tournament. Finally, over the summer, you and I are going to find Percy Weasley and we're going to castrate him. Then we're going to grow them back, so you can do it over again. When we're done, we'll taint the wound so that they can't be regrown and drop him in an alleyway somewhere. I've got all sorts of spells that I can't teach you without an appropriate victim, and I think we've just had a volunteer."

Tears still rolled from her eyes, but Harriet offered Harry a small smile. "I don't want to kill him..."

"No, we won't kill him. But we can certainly make it clear to him that no one messes with a Potter."

Harriet nodded, looking a little better. She wasn't okay, but one day she would be.

AN: You know, I hated this ending when I wrote it, but on going back, I like it a lot more than I thought I did. It's fast. I ran out of things to say in this chapter because any additional conflict simply seemed forced to me. There are lots of things I could have done... but none seemed to fit that well. Anyway, here's the last chapter. I might finish this off with an epilogue some day, but I have no idea what I'd put in it.

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Dancing With Myself

Chapter 6: Alone with the Mirror Reflection

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Following the filing of the appropriate paperwork, Harry walked the path to Hogwarts with Harriet in tow. The two of them had beat the Express into the station by a little better than half an hour and Harry knew that he would probably spend the bulk of that time introducing himself to the Headmaster. Professor McGonagall had been waiting at the gates to greet them and took charge of Harriet as she showed Harry the way to Dumbledore's office. Harry did his best to pretend he didn't know where everything was and followed along, making idle chitchat with the Transfiguration professor.

Harry took in a deep breath and stilled his mind before walking up the staircase to the Headmaster's office. He spent a few seconds bringing his James Oslow memories to the surface in case the Headmaster was rude enough to try that route before giving a light rap on the door and entering at the call.

"Mr. Oslow," Dumbledore said with a grandfatherly smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "It is a pleasure to meet you. I understand that Mr. Black has retained you as a tutor for young Ms. Potter. I am, of course, happy to accommodate you, but I must ask to get to know you a little better before I give you access to my school."

"Professor, it is an honor," he said, and carefully forced thoughts about all of the great things he'd heard about Dumbledore to the forefront as he felt the distinctive nudge of Legilimency. Dumbledore

was acting very accommodating, but in truth he was in a very tricky legal position and would no doubt seize on any chance to reject Harry as being unsuitable. "What do you want to know, sir?"

"Please, have a seat. We can start with a little bit about yourself and what you plan to teach Ms. Potter," he said, his gesture indicating one of the deceptively uncomfortable chairs in front of his massive old desk.

"Well, Professor, there's not a whole lot about me that's interesting. My parents left England back in '79, when the first war started to get really bad and my Uncle was killed. We ended up in Australia where I went to primary and then to the James Cook School of Magic for my O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s. I met Ms. Potter and her escort there a few weeks back and he offered me a job after a bit..." Harry said, weaving a story he'd rehearsed many times. He was careful to supply appropriate memories along the way whenever he felt a gentle probe, but offered up little real information aside from the fact that Ms. Potter's benefactor knew about some prophecy and wanted her to be ready for it.

Dumbledore asked several subtle and several not-so-subtle questions, though Harry thought on his feet for the few he hadn't prepared for and managed to lie convincingly enough to fool a Legilimense.

"You understand, Mr. Oslow, that we have a competent Defense professor here at Hogwarts. I fail to see how your tutoring will be of much use," Dumbledore finally stated, getting at what Harry had known his opinion was for the entire interview.

"Competent or not, Harriet is mostly at the second year level by international standard in Defense theory and both practical and theoretical Potions. From what I've seen of her, that is not a fault of her own, either, as Defense comes naturally to her. I can't speak to her Potions abilities, but the poor girl didn't even know that there was a Standardized Table of Reactions, much less how to read it. Next year is O.W.L.s, and unless she gets some serious tutoring, I doubt that she will do very well," Harry noted. Of course, he knew that the statement about O.W.L.s was wrong because Britain had, for years,

used a watered-down version of the international O.W.L.s to ensure that their students outshone those from other countries testing under the more rigorous exams. It was a frequent point of contention during ICW meetings.

Eventually, Dumbledore agreed to allow Harry the use of an unused classroom on the second floor for three hours each evening and for most of the day on Saturday and Sunday to do with as he wished. He was warned in very clear language that only Harriet was to attend his lessons and that he was to minimize his contact with other students.

By the time he finally collapsed on his bed back at the new house in Hogsmeade, Harry was exhausted. He'd managed to fool Dumbledore, but it hadn't been easy. The man was an exceptionally skilled Legilimense, and Harry's 'mental muscles' were worn out from keeping him pointed to false thoughts. He only had to hope that Harriet could refrain from killing anyone before he saw her again.

As he drifted off to sleep, he was still turning over and over in his mind what he was going to do with the feisty redhead. What did he feel toward her? Were they going to be together? He simply didn't know.

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Harriet Potter looked like she'd been through the wringer by the time Harry saw her again. "What happened?" he asked, having a general idea but quite interested in the specifics.

"What didn't happen," she growled as she collapsed into the chair Harry had conjured for her at her entrance. "All of Gryffindor thinks I've gone Dark and the only one I'm on speaking terms with is Hermione. Even the twins are still annoyed with me because they think I managed something they couldn't by getting into the tournament."

Harry raised one eyebrow. In his own world, things had calmed down after the first task, but this was apparently different. "You know, Harriet... they're just kids. They don't understand how the real world

works. You're more Dark than you were, but that doesn't make you evil. Most of the adults in Britain never learn to tell the difference."

"I know," she said with an eye roll. "Still, all day has been one thing or another. Hermione's really trying, but I can tell she's a little scared of me now... of course, I didn't help matters too much when I threatened to hex Ron's asshole to his forehead, but he was being a prat."

They were silent for a minute and then Harry asked the question, "Why is Ron such a prat to you, anyway?"

Harriet bit her lip but eventually answered. "Percy. Ron figured it out last year and thought that if I'd go for one Weasley, I'd go for another. He wanted me to make out with him, but I didn't want to. He called me some mean names, but I forgave him eventually... I guess he never got over it."

Harry nodded and took his twin into his arms. "I'm sorry about all of that. You were young and used and it wasn't your fault. We can still castrate him if you want."

Harriet grinned and wiggled around in Harry's grasp to bring her lips to his. The kiss was intense, but not deep and ended after a few seconds. "Thanks, Harry. I don't think I do... the other day was... intense. I don't like Percy much, but I really did care for him at the time. He never treated me badly, really, except for making me keep it all a secret, and he did make sure to use a contraception charm before... you know."

Snuggling tighter with her, Harry nodded. That sounded a little more like the Percy he knew and disliked. "I guess he wanted to do the right thing, but you were just too beautiful to resist."

The purring noise that she made as she kissed him again let him know that the comment was appreciated. Silently thanking his foresight in checking the room for scrying spells and putting up heavy wards, Harry kissed her back. Lessons could wait a little while.

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Things fell into an oddly calming rhythm for the pair over the next two months. Harry continued to teach Harriet during his designated hours while rounding up materials and Horcruxes during off hours. By the time the second task rolled around, a number of things had changed. For one thing, Hermione and Harriet were best friends again. At Harry's urging, she'd also made friends with Susan Bones and a few other 'Puffs, including Cedric. In contrast to much of the rest of the school, Cedric seemed sympathetic to the young redhead's plight and expressed the opinion that she'd been unfairly scored during the first task.

Sometime in early February, Draco Malfoy managed to have a mild 'accident' involving a moving staircase and a three story fall. The fact that he'd said some rather nasty things to Harriet the day before was completely unrelated. Except in the sense that the comments he made had spurred Harriet to throw him off a moving staircase.

Harry continued to teach her Occlumency, and except for a few ferret related incidents, it did a lot for helping her keep her emotions under control. He also spent a great deal of time researching the Tri-Wizard tournament and examining the rules for loopholes that the pair could exploit. He found a perfect one, and Harriet literally fell out of her chair laughing when he explained it to her.

Harry still had to face frequent encounters with the Headmaster, where he spent considerable time moaning about how poor Harriet's education had been before he arrived. Much to his delight, the meetings grew farther apart the more he whined.

Eventually, it was time to compete in the second task and Harriet found herself by the lake as the event began. As the other competitors jumped into the lake, Harriet stayed in place, patiently waiting for a moment. Many of those nearby peered at her curiously, wondering if she'd given up.

After a bit, she snapped her fingers and said "Dobby?", causing the house elf to appear. Those who noticed what was happening started to mutter among themselves as Harriet very politely requested that Dobby fetch her hostage, Ms. Lovegood, from the bottom of the lake. Two quick pops later, and the blond girl was waking up on the

platform before her. The crowd broke out in shouts and angry yells, but Harriet just stood there smirking through it all.

Within moments, angry judges were crowding the platform, yelling at Harriet for “cheating”. Harriet raised her wand and let off a massive concussive charm into the air half deafening everyone around her but achieving her goal of silence. She then cast a Sonorous charm and stated her case quite plainly.

“The rules of the Tri-Wizard tournament clearly state that all students must begin the tasks with only their wands. Any items that the student conjures or summons after that, however, is fair game. The Tournament in 1866 is the most clear precedent on the matter where Augustus Forthwit summoned a magical sword to combat a sphinx. He died in the effort, but it was clearly decided that a magical object could legally be summoned during an event,” she said, letting her charm drop.

“Ms. Potter, be that as it may, a house elf is not the same as a magical sword,” Karkaroff ground out angrily in his thick accent.

Harriet amplified her voice again and started speaking over everyone else who tried to chime in just after the Drumstrang headmaster. “No, a house elf is not the exact same as a magical sword, but there have been incidents of familiars being summoned in tournament history as well, making the ‘isn’t alive’ aspect of the definition moot. You will find that under ICW treaties that house elves residing within Britain and Europe are considered property. House elves are dealt with under property laws in all cases. Even when one of them commits a crime, it is considered either an act of their owner or negligence on the owner’s part. As Dobby is my property, it is well within the rules of the tournament for me to summon him for this task.”

Harriet smirked as the argument kicked back into full swing. Eventually, the other champions appeared with their hostages and the scores were set up. Again, Harriet was scored dead last, though she’d fully expected that and just shrugged it off. They’d decided to cheat her out of her rightful score in the first task so she was determined to make a mockery of their contest.

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Harry started to get nervous about the final task weeks before it was time. However, there was nothing for it but to continue on the course they'd set and hope for the best. When the day of the event finally did arrive, Harry gave Harriet one last kiss for good luck and escorted her down to the start of the maze. She started considerably later than the others, but her first two actions were to destroy the invisible barrier above the hedges and summon her broom to fly her over the maze for the center. There was no way for the competitors on foot to match that as she blasted the barrier above the cup, broke the portkey enchantment, and claimed her prize.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the girl skimming over the maze on her way back. Turning back to things nearby, he smirked as Crouch took another swing from his flask and then started foaming at the mouth. It really had taken Harry a month of free time to make basilisk venom taste like polyjuice potion, but it was so worth it. Making the venom not kill its victim for long enough for the polyjuice to lapse had been the hardest part.

The convulsing Moody slowly transformed back to himself in the middle of a stunned crowd that had gathered around to help him. Harry flicked his wand and reswitched the venom for the potion before mingling into the group. He wanted to see the Aurors try to figure out that one. As soon as Harriet got free from the protesting judges, the two of them needed to take a fieldtrip.

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"Kill the spare," he growled and a beam of red light felled the taller one. The small wrapped bundle that he had been carrying fell to the ground and a hissing noise issued from it. "Wait, make that stun the rat," Harry corrected as he stepped over the unconscious form of Peter Pettigrew to give baby-Voldemort a kick.

The half-snake half-fetus thing bounced against a headstone and made more protesting noises. "Now, now, snakeface, not nice setting someone up to kill dear little Harriet," he said, smirking the whole way.

"Fool," the package hissed at him as slitted red eyes fixed on him and the tiny form struggled to get free of its wrappings. There was a sudden, very deep hissing noise from just behind him, but Harry didn't bother looking.

"Petrificus Totalus!"

"You were saying?" Harry asked as Harriet stepped from the shadows to join him. She gave the prone form of Pettigrew a good swift kick on her way past. She didn't even spare the frozen snake a second glance.

"Now, dear, why don't you go ahead and take care of the snake while old Tom and I have a bit of a reunion," he said with a smirk. Harriet's wolfish grin as she moved over to place her lips lightly atop the enchanted serpent showed that she was clearly enjoying herself as Voldemort's eyes widened in horror.

This close, Harry was sure that he could feel the tremors as his soul fragment was consumed. "How many was it, Tom? Seven total? Well, we've seen the ring, the diary, the cup, the diadem, the locket, and of course dear Harriet herself. That'd be, what, six?"

Harry stepped on the small hand as it flailed about for its fallen wand. "Now, now, Tom. Don't go and get all scared on me now. I mean, you've tortured and killed so many people that you'd think some appreciation of the art form would have been instilled in you... but no, you're just a coward. A pathetic coward."

Harriet slid an arm around Harry's waist and he knew that she was ready for the next part. They'd discussed this several times, but it was something that possibly no one had ever tried before. "You see, Tom, we're actually going to do something nice for you," Harriet said with a smirk. "You're not going to have to worry about Hell or anything... we're going to devour your soul and your magic. Won't that be great, Tom? You're not going to really die... you're going to experience something much worse."

The greatest Dark Lord in almost a decade mewled pathetically as strong hands grasped him and two sets of lips slowly descended on

his head. He screamed and thrashed but there was no stopping his attackers as they slowly pulled his very essence out of the shell that was housing it and consumed it.

None of the two survivors of the process could have said how long it lasted, but the rapture that overtook them as they jointly siphoned a rather small and damaged soul was tremendous. As they ate Voldemort, they were joined on a spiritual level far more potent than any physical merger, though they were vaguely aware of their bodies making the attempt to couple as the spiritual effects bled over. Some time later, they came to themselves, naked and still joined on the muddy ground. Harry gave Harriet a sheepish smile as the two of them cleaned themselves up with a few charms, not bothering to separate.

"This is something you will never tell our children about," Harriet muttered as she kissed him.

"Children?" he asked, more than a little surprised.

"Yes. Children. Voldemort is dead and the world needs more Potters."

All of the reasons why this wasn't a good idea slowly fell away from him as her lips descended on his. She was him, and he was she. However, now they were together and heaven help those who stood in their way.

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